THE LADY's MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JULY, 1812.

SIGNORA BERTINOTTI RADICATI.

TO those of our fair readers who are charmed with the fascination of Italian song, the particulars and portrait of this celebrated lady will, we trust, be an acceptable present: the memoir has been kindly transmitted to us *solely* for our Museum, and the politeness with which the fair subject of it offered to sit to our painter demands our warmest thanks, and sets an example in which even our own comedians have been deficient.

Theresa Bertinotti was born in the year 1778, at Savigliano, a town and district of Piedmont, of highly respectable parents; they quitted their country in order to go to Naples, where family concerns, and their own interest called them, carrying with them their daughter, then only two years of age: they began early to give her an education for that sphere in which she was intended to move; and, in her seventh year, she was confided to the care and instruction of the celebrated La Barbiera, who taught her for four years the grand principles of the science of Music, and communicated to her those graces of execution, that vivacity of expression, and variety of modulation, which distinguish

his school; he then judged her competent to playing the first parts of the Italian drama at the theatre, St. Carlina, at Naples; where, at the age of eleven years, Theresa appeared in the part of *prima donna*, in a company of children; and, notwithstanding her extreme youth, was much in request by the directors of all the theatres in Naples: from the time of her *debut* till the age of sixteen, she continued to sing as a first-rate performer at every opera in that kingdom.

In the year 1794, she went to Florence, where her fame had preceded her; and the public of the capital of Tuscany received her with an enthusiasm equal only to her talents, and, every night that she appeared before them, showed their admiration of her highly scientific abilities by repeated plaudits.

The renown of Madame Bertinotti spread according to the extent of her talents; and she was continually solicited, with offers of the most liberal nature, from the directors of the Italian spectacle, at Rome, Venice, Naples, Milan, Genoa, &c. who all witnessed the unbounded and brilliant success with which her efforts were crowned.

As if her own country had been a field too small for the glory of Theresa, she received the most advantageous proposals from nearly all the courts of Europe; but the attachment she bore to her family, whom repeated misfortunes had so far reduced as to oblige to depend upon Madame Bertinotti for support, would not allow her to accept those terms, in which, from the distance she would have been placed, her parents could not have participated; and she even sacrificed to them, for the same reason, all the advantages she might have reaped from a brilliant marriage, not only of high birth, but of large possessions.

Notwithstanding Theresa had refused the most seducing alliance, she was not insensible of the merits and amiable qualities of M. Felix Radicati, her present husband, whose birth, talents, and hopes, added to the situation he then held at the court of Turin, rendered him a desirable com-

panion in the eyes of Madame Bertinotti; and she consented to be united to him, having previously disposed of all the property she had acquired by her abilities and a proper economy to her mother and relations.

Having thus assured herself of the happiness of persons so dear to her, she at length consented to leave her native country, and repair to Vienna; where she remained for six months the delight of every one; whose applauses were the more grateful to her feelings, as their theatres were used to, and in possession of, the first professors of that science in which she so much excelled.

She quitted Vienna for the court of Bavaria, but again returned to the former place, to enjoy another triumph of plaudits; then again to Munich; and a short time after repaired to Holland, at which place she had at first been engaged. This engagement being concluded, Louis Buonaparte, who at that time governed Holland, attached her to his court; and from him she received every reward that her talents so justly merited: when that country was united to France, she was offered the most eligible terms, if she would attach herself to the French opera; this, we understand, she refused, in order to come to England, where she has constantly resided since the month of November, 1810.

Why this lady is not now engaged at the opera-house, we think easy to determine: the union of talent of a Catalani and Bertinotti would leave foreigners little to lament from the loss of their native theatres. Since Billington and Grassina graced the boards of the opera, the duetto has languished; but "the earth cannot bear two suns," nor the Italian theatre two *prima donnas*. The last time we had the pleasure of hearing Madame Bertinotti, was at that elegant theatre, the Pantheon; her Susannah, in Mozart's opera of Figaro, exhibited a delicious treat to the amateur and performer: the sweetness of her tones, and the inexpressible *naiveté* of her acting, gained her the most enthusiastic applause.

On the closing of the Pantheon, it was supposed she would quit this country immediately; but report having again whispered the re-opening of this new theatre, with, we trust, a more prudent and more digested plan than the former; and as Signora Bertinotti seems to be precluded from the opera, in the Haymarket, let us hope that, once more, her deep science and inimitable acting may be exhibited, to the delight of the amateur, and the advantage of native professional talent.

We are happy to hear Madame Bertinotti has voluntered her services to sing at the Lyceum for the benefit of the English prisoners in France. C.

ON FORTITUDE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MUSEUM.

SIR,

THE vicissitudes of fortune to which the human species are exposed are numerous and unforeseen; and the happiness which they enjoy must, in a great measure, be ascribed to their ignorance of what is to befall them. Were men to have a sure knowledge of their destined course of life, and of the distresses they are to encounter, instead of looking forward, and anticipating, with pleasing emotions, future happiness, their minds would be appalled at the approaching evil, and they would sink into a state of despondency; but, from such a foresight, they are happily debarred; and, from the evils with which they may be assailed, they are in a great measure protected, by the endowments which they possess, and by none more so than the subject of the present essay.

Fortitude is a virtue of the first class; that on which every other is in some manner dependent; without it,

life would be insupportable; but its possession enables us to triumph over, and to bear with patience, the evils to which we are exposed. In our present life, perfect security is not, from innumerable causes, the property, or dependance, of any individual. Though we may live in times of established peace, when there is no ground to dread the devastations of war; yet every man, from one quarter or other, however limited his domestic circle, has somewhat to dread; means may fail, and health bid an eternal adieu. Appearances of security are in general most fallacious: when our horizon seems most settled and serene, a small dark speck, or cloud, gathers in an unobserved corner; there the tempest ferments, and prepares to discharge itself upon us; the face of day is obscured, and, in a moment the most unexpected, it breaks over our heads, and involves us in inexplicable misery;—we are on the eve of being overcome by its fury, when, lo! fortitude, like a guardian angel, proffers her assistance, and enables us to withstand the storm, to smile on dangers, and surmount, with heroism, every evil.

Our own passions, as well as those of others, frequently assume the character of serious enemies;—hence cowardice, pusillanimity, temerity, or irresolution, in the hour of danger or trial, so far from serving a good purpose, equally sink us for ever in the esteem of all around us; and nothing after can convey either balm or oil to our wounded pride; for we feel that we have experienced only merited contempt. To avoid these severe and permanent sensations, which may be traced throughout our existence, every one should endeavour to acquire this virtue.

Constancy of mind was justly classed by ancient philosophers among the cardinal virtues; in our modern philosophy it is deemed essential to the support of all the other virtues, and is necessary, not in one profession only, but in all, and to all who would, with fidelity to his neighbour, and interest to himself, discharge the duties of his station.

Partly constitutional, fortitude is, in some measure, dependent on firmness of nerves, and strength of constitution; but there are many illustrious examples, that those who are not endowed with such gifts may acquire, by an exertion of reason, qualities that nearly resemble them, and fully supply their want. In this case only, when, independent of firmness of nerves, or strength of spirits, we are not deficient of fortitude, can it be truly said, we possess it *as a virtue.*

Fortitude is placed, like other virtues, between two extremes, at an equal distance from temerity, or rashness, on the one hand, and from cowardice, or pusillanimity, on the other; it is thus defined by Doctor Beattie,—"With respect to danger in general, *intrepidity;* with respect to the dangers of war, *valour;* with respect to pain of body, or distress of mind, *patience;* with respect to labour, *activity;* with respect to injury, *forbearance;* with respect to our condition in general, *magnanimity.*"

In an engagement, or an assault, a commander who does not possess courage, or fortitude, is, on the least repulse or misfortune, overcome by hopelessness, when, at the very moment, fortitude might rally, and successfully terminate the contest: instead of exerting himself to lay hold of the resources that remain, or to adopt the measures that might occur to a more enlarged mind, he is seen to give up all for lost, and frequently to resign himself to abject and broken spirits. Happy were it, did it terminate here, or with his own life; but he frequently consigns, by his misconduct, brave men to ignominious and cruel death from the infuriated foe: but, on the other hand, behold the man of fortitude present a brave, a calm, and unruffled, breast to the dangers that oppose him; "his heart beats high" with conscious capacity for the execution of his duty; observe the depth of his plans, the facility of his suggestions, that conduct and weave the laurels round his head.

But fortitude is not necessary in warlike pursuits only:

during the most profound peace it is as requisite as in the most turbulent times: though the warrior must necessarily possess it to enable him to encounter the fatigues of a campaign, and the privations to which he is exposed; yet the man who is engaged in the occupations of peace, feels it as requisite for his happiness as the other; as necessary for his support;—bodily distress, to which all are liable, loss of those who are dear, or dearer, to us than our own lives, require a strong mind; and it enables us to undergo the severest operations, the most excruciating pains, and to overcome the heart-rending loss of nearest relatives and dearest friends; than which there are no trials more apt to move the passions, or lay hold of the heart.

View the disconsolate widow bereft of the support, the company, of the joy of her soul; behold him snatched from her in the prime, in the full bloom of manhood, when each were fondly looking forward to many days of mutual bliss, and happy enjoyment; see her, in an evil hour, which she thought not of, deprived of her own and her offspring's protector. What fears do not lay hold of her? What scenes of future distress do not her busy imagination present and rend the heart? She sees her innocent darlings deprived of that being who was to rear, who was to point out to them, in conjunction with herself, the duties of their future life: misery environs her on every side; she conceives herself unable to labour for their sustenance; famine stares her in the face, she hears them cry for food, which she sees no means how to bestow, and which her feeble hands are unable to earn;—but let us pause; let us mark with wonder and admiration, with everlasting gratitude, the goodness of Providence, who has bestowed on mankind qualifications to enable them to rise above the distresses of this transitory life. The widow is enabled to bring up her family; fortitude gives her power to surmount what she conceived impossible; and happiness, which she imagined had for ever fled, again beams in her grateful eyes. Thus does fortitude operate on different

individuals, whatever may be the cause of their distress, much in the same way, and enables them to overcome the most poignant afflictions.

H. A.

London, March 14th, 1812.

ARABIAN PENETRATION.

A traveller in Arabia illustrates his history of that nation with the following tale, as an instance of the grand characteristic of Arabian genius; viz. a subtle vivacity of mind; which story hath so charmed the oriental nations, that it hath been made the subject of two long poems; and indeed it is extremely well chosen, as it unfolds exactly a temper otherwise not easily represented, and cannot fail of being entertaining to the reader.

Three Arabs, brethren of a noble family, who were travelling together for the sake of improving their minds, were accidentally met by a camel-driver, who asked them if they had not seen a camel which had strayed from him in the night. "Was not the camel blind of an eye?" said the eldest: "yes;" said the man. "It had a tooth out before," said the second: "it is very true," replied the man. "Was it not a little lame?" added the third: "why really it was," returned the driver. The camel-driver took it for granted they had seen it, and therefore besought them to tell him which way it went. "Follow us, friend," said they: the man did so; he had not gone far before he happened to say that the camel was laden with corn, "and it had," added the Arabians, "a vessel of oil on one side, and a vessel of honey on the other;" "it had so," said the man, "therefore let me conjure you to tell me where you met it." "Met it!" exclaimed the eldest of the brothers, "why we never saw your camel at all!" The man, losing patience at this, began to load them with reproaches, and as they were passing through a village,

raised the people upon them, and caused them to be apprehended. The judge of the village, not being able to determine the cause, sent them to the prince of the country; who, perceiving by their behaviour that they were persons of distinction, set them at liberty, lodged them in his palace, and treated them with all the respect imaginable: after some days were over, he took an opportunity to entreat them to clear up this mystery, by explaining to him how they could possibly hit upon so many circumstances without ever having seen the camel. The young men smiled at the importunity of the prince; and, after having returned him abundance of thanks for the civilities they had received, the eldest of them spoke thus: "We are neither deceivers, nor necromancers; we never saw the man's camel, nor did we use any other instruments of divination than our senses and our reason. I, for my part, judged it was blind of an eye, because I observed the grass eaten on one side of the road and not on the other." "I," said the second, "guessed it had lost a tooth before, because where the grass was cropt closest there was constantly a little tuft left behind." "And I," added the third, "conceived it was lame, because the prints of three feet were distinct in the road; whereas the impression of the fourth was blurred; whence I concluded that the beast dragged it, and did not set it firmly to the ground." "All this I apprehend," said the prince, "but how, in the name of Providence, could you discover that oil and honey were a part of its loading?" "Why," returned the Arabians, "we guessed this, because on one side of the road we saw little troops of ants ferreting the grass, and on the other we saw the flies assembled here and there in groups; insomuch that few or none were on the wing.

Whether this story be true or false, matters not much, since it so exactly expresses what it was intended to express, the quick and deep penetration of the Arabians.

As I have never seen this instructive tale before in any shape; so, from the great pleasure its perusal afforded me,

I could not resist the impluse of extracting it for the Lady's Museum, together with the introductory and concluding pagragraphs.

Your's, &c.

W. T*Y**R.

Whitfield, 1st May, 1812.

The 44th EXHIBITION at the ROYAL ACADEMY,

CONSIDERED as the principal display of pictures in oil, does not, we conceive, fulfill our expectations. Portrait, the immediate source of gain, appears more than ever to stimulate the artist, and to make him prefer this department to the higher walk of history; notwithstanding the continued exertions of the venerable president, whose industry offers an example worth following by the junior members.

No. 8. *A Scene near Nijibabad. An Indian on an Elephant is endeavouring to cross a small bridge, which the animal refuses to do, until he has examined its strength with his trunk,* I. DANIELS, R.A. This is painted with all the truth of this artist. Impossible as it may seem to throw any thing like expression into the face of an elephant; yet we evidently find it accomplished: in his resistance to the lance of the Indian driver, while he plows up the sand to ascertain the safety of his passage, fear and prudence are evidently pourtrayed in his countenance.

No. 10. *Portraits of Misses Sharpe,* G. H. HARLOW,—holds up, with respect to coloring, hints to much older students than this gentleman; whose industry, we now hope, will keep pace with his talents.

No. 14. *Little Hampton Pier,* by A. W. CALLCOT, is a picture we should be proud to possess; there is in it a repose, and silveryness of tone, highly delightful.

No. 15. *Portrait of E. Forster, Esq.* M. A. SHEE, R.A. is life itself.

No. 41. *Portrait of a Young Gentleman*, by H. BONE: this is a very correct likeness of a younger brother of the artist now in the navy.

No. 48. *The New Coat*, by FRASER, is indicative of future excellence; it possesses no glare, and there is an attempt at truth creditable to the artist: the old itinerant tailor's *professional* coolness, contrasted with the impatient delight of the urchin *new coated* is good; the younger brother crying to be breeched adds to the story.

No. 57, is a fine *Portrait of Kemble*, by LAWRENCE; but we rather object to the hair.

No. 62. *Reading the Will*, by W. LIZARS. We are not of those who imagine that though Wilkie, certainly our English Teniers, possesses so much excellence, that such excellence may not be attained by another. Mr. Lizars has his share of merit: this Reading the Will is in low life; but the story is well told; and the different passions, excited as their hopes or fears are played upon, are delineated by the hand of nature. We dare swear, the two *good* women are portraits; they are yet to be met with in the country. The artist, with his brother labourer, Bird, has given riches to the sailor.

No. 66. *Portrait of Lord Grenville*, by OWEN. No fault can be found with the painter, who has made a most correct portrait of the noble lord, who reminded us of the sage Fum Hoam. There is an engraving of this portrait, which shows that portrait *line* engraving is not quite lost in this country.

No. 75. *A Scotch Wedding*, by the artist who painted the Will; a finer piece of colouring of the kind we have scarcely ever witnessed.

No. 86. *The Witch and the Mandrake*, "I pluckt him up, though he grew full low," by FUZELI, possesses all the greatness of the master. The witch is better coloured than his usual productions; the moping owl speaks volumes.

No. 102. *The Portrait of Nollikins*, by SIR WILLIAM BEECHY, is the venerable sculptor in *propria personæ*.

No. 108. *Portraits of the Earl and Countess of Charlemont and Child* are really a *chef d'ouvre* of LAWRENCE; never have we seen a picture better managed.

No. 112. *The Country Auction*, by BIRD. We do not think this picture will add to the gentleman's fame; it is true there are a group of rustics buying utensils; but there is but little of a story; the unlucky children confining puss in a warming-pan, and the girl viewing herself in a glass, with a cullender on her head for a bonnet, excited our risible faculties.

No. 125. *The Shepherd Boy.* We think in this picture MR. PICKERSGILL evinces signs of improvement.

No. 126. *Lavinia*, H. THOMPSON. This is not the Lavinia of the poet, although it is a pleasing figure; the mother of the damsel is not represented like an old woman, but a young girl, dressed up in that character.

No. 136. *The disobedient Prophet*, by NORTHCOTE; the work of so *old* a professor may be conceived to possess the excellence of his former works.

No. 162. *Saul before Samuel and the Prophets*, by MR. WEST, is one of the finest pieces of colouring we ever saw; and would not suffer in a comparison with any of the old masters; there is a good deal of Raffaelle in the light and shade of this composition.

No. 163. *The Infancy of Jupiter*, by THOMPSON, is a very clever picture; "Hyperian curls, the front of Jove himself."

No. 204. *Fox-hunters regaling after the Chace*, L. CLENNELL, stands very high in the scale of merit.

No. 253. *A Joke*, by COSSE. While we were regarding this picture to find out the fun, two female critics, with pencils, drew near, and exclaimed "The Joke! I wish the artist would tell us where the Joke lies." "Alas, young ladies, we are as much posed as you, what is the story?"

No. 258. *The Snow Storm, Hannibal passing the Alps*, by TURNER, is the grand gazing stock of the Exhibition; it is a picture of too complex merit to interest those who are not painters, and it is a non-descript in writing.

No. 282. *The burning Shame, or bad Lawyer punished,* J. WRIGHT. This picture is painted the same size as that of Chaucer's Pilgrims, by Stothard, standing alone; it possesses much merit; but, as rivalling Stothard's picture, we must exclaim,—"Oh! what a falling off is here!"

No. 283. *A Storm,* G. ARNOLD, is a highly poetical picture; the forked lightning darting along the horizon threatens devastation to nature; the horror of the scene is much heightened by the animals in the fore ground, where

"A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie."—THOMPSON.

No. 293. *The runaway Heiress returned to her Friends,* by M. W. SHARP, is one of those pictures we love to dwell on: domestic scenes, in which we have been actors, or spectators, come more home to our feelings than the deeds of warriors. This picture represents the runaway brought back by her husband; the young lady, not daring to view her venerable parents in the face, averts hers; the mother faints; the father is combating between parental love and anger; while her pug dog seems the only being that feels unmixed joy at the return of the fugitive. In the back ground is, we presume, the brother,

"A soldier, by his dress,"

struggling with the servants, to revenge the insult offered to his family; but whether the domestics are only holding him, or tying his hands behind him, appears to us a query: we think the artist might have left out the oaf of a servant, strutting in a mock-military way, while all the rest of the family seem plunged in such confusion.

No. 320. *The Passion of Christ,* J. BARNEY, is a promising effort.

No. 331. *Christ blessing little Children,* by J. TRUMBALL. This artist is always too *pretty* a painter for our liking.

No. 337. *Portrait of Mr. Charles Taylor*, A. J. OLIVER; an admirable likeness.

No. 399. *Magelina, Diego, and Marscas*, A. CHALON: if Magelina were half as beautiful as she is here depicted by Mr. Chalon, we are not surprised at what passed between her and Gil Blas.

No. 435. *Portraits of Mess. Knight, Lovegrove, and De Camp*, possess all the truth of DE WILDE's portraits.

No. 482. *The Spell*, HEAPHY. Since this gentleman left the Water Colour Exhibition, in Spring Gardens, he appears to have painted but few pictures for the public. Since his "Fish Market," we have looked for another work of excellence from him; but the "Spell," however meritorious, is not such a production as we expect from Mr. Heaphy.

No. 517. In the pursuit of our task, we were disturbed by a female laugh; we turned round, and beheld — *A Portrait of Liston, as Lord Grizzle*, by DE WILDE; he became immediately present to our imagination, in

"A hurry ding dong for a licence."

We readily relaxed our critic brow, and joined in the merriment.

No. 523. *Fairlight Lodge*, MISS BATTY, (Honorary.) Look at this landscape, ye professors of painting, and tremble; it is the production of an *amateur* not twenty years of age, and highly creditable to her talents as an artist. The young lady has received the highest rewards from the Society of Arts; and it is but justice to say, she is equally as accomplished in music, &c.

No. 524. A frame, with four *Theatrical Sketches; Mr. Robert Palmer, Mr. De Camp, in Three and the Deuce; Miss L. Kelly, as Rosina, and Mr. Lovegrove, as Lord Ogleby*, by W. FOSTER. The artist has very modestly called

them sketches; they are correct likenesses, and evince taste. Why were they not finished drawings?

No. 631 is a frame with portraits, by the same artist, of *Mr. Penley, in the Honey Moon; a daughter of Lord French, and Mr. Knight, in Hit or Miss.*

The confined limits of our Museum oblige us now to conclude our critique; we have only skimmed the surface, and, doubtless, many meritorious pictures we have passed over, from their wanting general interest. There are no less than one hundred and sixty-two portraits, exclusive of miniatures; a few of which are celebrated characters. The enamels, seven in number, of MR. BONE, R.A. so highly respected by the artists and the public as a man, possess their more than usual excellence. Those who saw his copy of Titian last year, must be aware no art can exceed that specimen.

WILKIE has made a separate exhibition of his works; he has but two sketches for large pictures in this exhibition; and, from what we have seen of them, we argue the most favourable conjectures.

On the EFFECTS of FUTURITY upon the PAST.

IT is unfortunate for mankind that futurity is so often the only medium through which the present can be rightly discerned. There is a strange, though universal infatuation, that prevents us from duly appreciating the various circumstances and opportunities of the passing moment; that renders us blind and insensible to our own interests and our own happiness, till the eventful period, when, perhaps, they were most at our command, has been suffered to glide away, and a mournful experience discovers to us, when too late, the folly and the errors of our conduct.

This spell-like infatuation, for as such it operates upon the mind, is prevalent through every stage of life. Un-

conscious of the many enjoyments that are frequently within our reach, we too often dissipate the short space of our existence in listless indifference to the blessings around us, or busying ourselves in the pursuit of unprofitable objects, neglect those peculiar advantages, which, if properly estimated and carefully attended to, might have greatly conduced to our comfort and felicity. As time advances, the delusion that had covered our senses gradually disperses, as to what is past, and we look back with melancholy regret upon former hours. In the dreams of fancy we re-visit, with sad delight, those parted scenes which were, perhaps, once slighted, or viewed with dullness and apathy; they become endeared to us in the knowledge that they are fled for ever; we hurry over them with all the fondness of affectionate remembrance, and are ready to weep that we had not prized them more. We have been, as it were, idly slumbering through the day, and now only wake when the sun is glimmering in the west, or when his last beam has sunk beneath the horizon, and nothing remains but a glow upon the distant hills!

Nor does this insensibility to our situations affect us less in regard to persons. We live, perhaps, in the midst of a social acquaintance; are blest, perhaps, with all the ties of kindred and of friendship: so long as these are granted to us we are apt to consider them as no other than common-place enjoyments; and a mere natural partiality is probably the utmost we seem to feel for them. But, to learn the extent of their merits, to learn the value of the parent, the wife, the brother, the sister, or the friend, let us see them on the bed of sickness, let us follow them to the tomb. Here indeed our eyes are opened to the worth of such connexions as these; and now that they are taken from us, we first see them as we ought. The bosom that lately was half callous to the luxury of their society, now bleeds with the tenderest sorrow, and remembers with agonizing repentance every harsh word that may have

escaped the lips, every unkindness that may have marked the actions. Though when living we might have scrupled in our hearts to oblige them at any expence of our own, what would we not now sacrifice to re-call them from their sleep of death! Alas, it is only in their loss they become truly dear to us; it is only at their graves we are taught to know how much we love them. Oh, mournful experience, how happy would it be for us could we still remain in ignorance, since our knowledge is thus purchased when it can no longer avail us!

I have often been led to consider from what cause arises this unfortunate disposition of mind that insensibly renders us our own enemies, and voluntarily impedes us in the pursuit and attainment of happiness. I am induced to think it proceeds, generally speaking, from that unceasing discontent, so interwoven with our nature, that unwearied search after something more and something better than we already possess. Childhood has been justly termed the happiest period of human life; yet the playful schoolboy will enumerate his little sorrows, and tell us he is unhappy; we may laugh at his complaints, and pronounce his griefs to be only those of fancy: they may be so; but they affect him as if they were real, and are to him in the same comparative degree as greater sorrows are to those of riper years: he sighs amidst his sports for the dignity and the importance of manhood; and thus, in the anticipation of future enjoyments, he loses all relish for the present; he treats them with indifference, and at last beholds them with disgust. As he enters more fully into the world, his occupations become enlarged, he finds himself perplexed with a diversity of surrounding cares, he has to encounter a thousand difficulties, of which he before had no conception; he perceives, when now too late, the delusion of his former sentiments, and, as he struggles through opposing obstacles, he turns with a longing look back to the scenes of other days, and wonders at that folly which could blind him to the pleasures of the past.

Reflections like these continue to haunt us through life; and as time flits over our heads we are repeatedly discovering errors of conduct, and failures of happiness, resulting from our not having properly estimated the various situations and circumstances in which we may have been placed at different periods of our existence.

But though our regret may thus come too late for any retrievement of the past; yet it may still afford a profitable lesson for the future. If, indeed, we have disregarded those blessings and opportunities which were designed for our advantage, if we have slighted those benefits that might have tended to make us happy, let us, in the disposal of our future time, so study its improvement, that at a distant hour we may not have to reproach ourselves with a similar neglect. And it will be well for those who are at this moment bewailing the past, to take good heed that the present may not on some day call for the same repentance and the same lamentation.

The consciousness of a well spent life is of all other acquisitions the most glorious and the most worthy to be sought after. It will soothe us under every misfortune, and every deprivation; and, at the solemn close of mortality, will shed on the parting spirit a ray of comfort and assurance that will cheer and support us in the pangs of death.

CARSO.

ANECDOTE OF A CRIMINAL.

JOHN JUNKER was a celebrated physician, and professor at the university of Halle. Tradition relates the following singular incident which occurred to him during his practice, and has been corroborated by the testimony of several creditable characters who heard him frequently relate it.

He was professor of anatomy, and had once procured

two bodies of criminals, who had just been hanged: the key to the dissecting room not being at hand when they were brought to his house, he ordered them to be carried to a closet adjoining his study.

About midnight, when profound silence reigned through the house, as he was sitting at his writing desk, he heard, all of a sudden, a violent noise in the closet: apprehending that some cats might have been shut in with the cadavers, he took up a candle, and went to the closet to discover the real cause of that uncommon noise:—he started back with surprise when he saw the cloth with which the cadavers were covered torn asunder; but his astonishment rose to a still higher degree when he found that one of the bodies was missing. The windows were shut, and the doors locked; it was therefore impossible that the body could have been stolen. Junker cast his eyes all over the closet, and was seized with a very excusable horror on seeing one of the cadavers sitting in a corner; he went up to it, and, as he had apprehended at first sight, he found that the criminal had returned to life.

The unfortunate man threw himself at Junker's feet, and, trembling, conjured him not to betray him; but to assist him in saving his life: Junker hesitated not a moment to comply with his request; and, enquiring who he was, learned that he was a foreigner, and had been kidnapped into the military service; he added, that he had made an attempt to recover his natural liberty by desertion; but, having been apprehended in the act of making his escape, had been condemned to the gallows.

Junker gave him some of his own clothes to cover him, and, after having wrapt him in a cloak, and provided him with a small sum of money, conducted him to the town gate. Pretending that he had been suddenly sent for by a patient in the suburbs, he was suffered to proceed with his *prótegée*, whom he passed for his servant. When they had reached the outskirts of the town, the soldier threw himself on his knees, to thank his preserver for his humane

assistance; but the professor urged him to lose no time to attempt again his escape, and in this the poor fellow succeeded without any interruption.

Twelve years had elapsed since this incident had happened, when Junker was obliged to make a journey to Amsterdam, where he had some family affairs to settle: happening one day to go to the Exchange, he met in the crowd a well-dressed man, of a middle age; who, as he soon after learnt, was one of the most substantial and respectable merchants at Amsterdam; the merchant asked him, with great civility, whether he was not Mr. Junker, of Halle; and when the professor affirmed it, requested the favour of him to partake of a family dinner at his house. Junker accepted the invitation, and was introduced to a very elegant house; where he was cordially received by the merchant's wife, a young and charming woman, surrounded by two blooming boys. The professor felt himself extremely happy in the circle of his new acquaintances; but could not account for the uncommon kindness and attention with which he was treated, by people to whom he thought himself an utter stranger: after dinner, his host took him to his counting-house, and having locked the door, asked him, whether he recollected his features. Junker denied it.

"I do not wonder at it," replied the merchant, though I recollect your person perfectly well, nor shall I ever forget the generous preserver of my life; consider my house, and every thing I am worth, as entirely devoted to your service; for I am the person who returned to life in your closet; and was restored to liberty by your humane assistance.

Junker was seized with astonishment, the alteration in the merchant's situation appearing almost miraculous to him: he now learned that his host, after having recovered his liberty, had taken the road to Holland; being a skilful penman and accountant, and of an interesting appearance, he had the good fortune to attract the regard of a wealthy

merchant, and to be employed in his counting-house; his exemplary conduct, and the zeal which he displayed in his master's service, endeared him in a short time to the whole family, and gained him the love of his patron's only daughter, who, at last, became his wife, and made him the happy father of a lovely family.

The feeling reader may easily conclude how happy Junker was at being the ocular witness of a scene of domestic happiness, for which he had, unknowingly, laid the foundation.

The grateful Dutchman did every thing in his power to render his benefactor's stay at Amsterdam as agreeable as possible; and did not suffer him to depart before he had consented to accept of some presents of great value.

ELLEN;

OR,

THE PARSONAGE.

(Continued from page 314.)

TO CHARLES D——, ESQ.

M—— Park.

A LITTLE recovered from the surprize, though not from the effects, of the late event; I have been endeavouring to discover a reason, why this connexion was kept with such inviolable secresy from my knowledge. Some would ascribe the conduct of Ellen to vanity and female artifice; but they know her not. No, Charles, though smarting to the soul, from being kept in ignorance, and entirely un-

conscious why; yet, by heaven! I lay no blame to Ellen; her thoughts are

"Innocent as grace itself;"

and

"Chaste as unsunn'd snow."

No coquettish arts appeared either in her words or actions. Oh, no! for they sprang pure, warm, and genuine, from her heart;

"Her heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth!"

I am more convinced every day, that the passion Frederic feels for his cousin arises merely from her being the loveliest female he has ever seen; and from the pride of possessing a woman to whom the youths of the county look up with awe. From his words and the compliments he showers on her, you might imagine him "as true a lover as ever sighed upon a midnight pillow;" but his manner, his face, belie those words; he utters his fine speeches as a schoolboy does his task, they are all from the head, and none from the heart. My God! to think of making love to Ellen Morland by common-place flattery!!! Besides,

"There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd."

"Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least, speak most to my capacity."

On her part, she listens to his compliments with the greatest *nonchalance*, or else, in return, launches at him all the keen arrows of her wit and ridicule; but the least office of politeness I perform, which would formerly have been received with a familiar air, and a smile of friendship, alas! I then thought something warmer, now never

fails to " call the eloquent blood into her face;" her whole frame appears agitated, and her eyes swim in inexpressible languor.

We were yesterday enjoying the music of her voice, and her exquisite taste, as she read the beautiful poem of Benathon; and, coming to the following sweet passage, her voice became broken, and her lovely eyes were moistened with the dew of genius and feeling.—" The flower hangs its heavy head, waving at times to the gale. Why dost thou awake me, oh, gale! it seems to say, I am covered with the drops of heaven! The time of my fading is near, and the blast that shall scatter my leaves: tomorrow shall the traveller come, he that saw me in my beauty shall come; his eyes will search the field, but they will not find me! So shall they search in vain for the voice of Cona, after it has failed in the field. The hunter shall come forth in the morning, and the voice of my harp shall not be heard. Where is the son of car-borne Fingal? The tear will be in his eye!"

My every sense was enthralled by the manner in which she read, and I felt a responsive tear starting from my eye; when Frederic interrupted her, by exclaiming, " Why, coz, d'ye lay so much emphasis on the last syllable of Fingal? there is but one *l*." Heavens! to interrupt Ellen's reading of Ossian, with the coolness of a pedant, to enquire into the pronunciation of a word!!! Both Ellen and I absolutely started; but neither of us could answer him; my eyes involuntarily looked at her, and met her's, beaming with such expression!—'twas the fire of insulted genius; how my heart understood, and beat responsive to their meaning!!

Oh, Charles, Charles! if this being, so exquisitely susceptible, so finely sensitive, should, spite of the chains which encirle her, love me!—Oh, let me not think!

My house goes on rapidly, but I take no interest in it; formerly I called forth all my little taste, to lay out plans for its embellishment; but now—

"Oh melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom?"

Farewell, my friend,
HENRY M——r

TO CHARLES D——, ESQ.

M—— Park.

How truly does Desdemona say,

"Let our finger ache, and it endues
Our other healthful members, ev'n to that sense
Of pain."

And what disease will spread this sad influence through the frame so quickly, and so fatally, as the disease of the heart? Your friend is ill, Charles; health's ruddy hue no longer mantles on my cheek, nor does she mark my steps with vigour.

All here is joy and mirth; Mr. Conway and Ellen were not wont to see so much company, but Frederic fills the house with the surrounding gentry; whether this is pleasing to his father and Ellen, I am in doubt; they merely seem to acquiesce quietly in it.

Ellen is strangely altered, Charles; when I first came here, she was a perfect Euphrosyne; every sentence was uttered with a smile, as the sweet song of the lark is accompanied by the glowing streaks of morning; but now she seldom, or ever, smiles, except when ridiculing Frederic; and her vivacity is displaced by the softest languor. She listens to every syllable I address to her, with an attention and manner that thrill my soul; but she appears to avoid being alone with me. We have now no readings of Ossian; no harp; no morning rambles;—

("Oh, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now, excess of it will make me surfeit.")

Except, indeed, when in the presence of Mr. Conway and Frederic; and then, Oh, how much less melodious are her harp and voice! how much less bright appear the scenes of nature, than when no constraint confined our speech; when our ideas, fraught with sentiment, burst in rich, ingenuous language, from our hearts! ideas and language that could

"Unlock the gates of joy;
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

How sensibly do I feel the justice of the remark of Stern's elegant Eliza, who says,—"How flitting are the moments in which we enjoy pure happiness! they steal unperceived away, and all our pleasures are but short-lived dreams."

Two days since, Frederic gave a ball to a very large party of his friends: had you seen Ellen enter the ball-room; had you beheld

"The map of heaven, the sum of all her graces;"

That

"Beauty, too rich for use, for earth too dear;"

Then would you have learnt to pity and excuse your friend. How much more lovely did she seem, though her face was not decked with smiles, though no jewels, no finery, deprived her dress of its usual simplicity, than the trifling beings who fluttered around her, adorned with

"The plumes of pride, and wings of vanity."

While the company appeared to join with delight, with

"Antic sport, and blue-eyed pleasure,
Frisking light, in frolic measure;"

Under a plea of illness (God knows it was not feigned), I declined dancing; and, retiring to a corner, sat like the genius of discontent and misery, envying the joys of others.

and brooding over my own sorrows. I never liked the dance till I saw Ellen tread its mazes, with the steps of a sylph, how then did I wish that my health would allow me to join her in a pleasure she seemed to enjoy; for Frederic, after the second dance, deserted her for a pretty girl on a visit to one of the guests. Oh, Charles!

Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the sullen soul
To oaths of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here;"

Would I quit her for the fairest daughter of our mother Eve? Oh, no, no!

Dancing seemed, in some measure, to restore Ellen's spirits; and she smiled and chatted with her partners, with a spark of her usual vivacity; except when her eye fell upon my gloomy figure, and then the power of mirth would quit her, and I thought the smile she gave me was "a smile covering a sigh."

At the end of the fourth dance, she came towards me, the exercise had re-tinted her cheek with bloom, and re-animated her person; "she came in all her beauty, like the moon from the cloud of the east; lovliness was around her as light; her steps were like the music of songs;" and, addressing me in something like the manner she was wont, she exclaimed, "Come, come, my friend,

"Turn melancholy forth to funerals."

"Cannot the

"Pert and nimble spirit of mirth"

"Arouse you a little? You are better to-day! Come, quit your dreams, and this melancholy corner, and join us." "Dreams!" I repeated, with a sigh,

"So piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all my bulk,
And end my being."

"I have been dreaming, indeed!" "And what, good dreamer," she rejoined, "was the subject of your visions?"

"Methought," said I, with quickness, "an angelic being, lovely as—lovely as thyself, took me by the hand, and led me towards the fields of Elysium; methought the guardian power of every virtue, and of every joy, attended, and smiled upon us,—when—when malignant fate severed me from my beauteous companion, from the source of all my bliss, with heart-rending suddenness, and hid the fields of Elysium from my sight for ever." It was madness to utter such a speech, but it was done ere I reflected. She hung her head, her colour came and went, a tear, a tear, Charles! trembled on her eye-lid, and the smile she attempted, was "like the sun when he carries a cloud on his face." "You are far gone in the realms of melancholy and of vision, indeed," she faltered, and walked away.

I had agitated myself past endurance, or concealment; I rushed from the ball-room, from the gay, thoughtless, throng, to my chamber, there to give vent to the feelings which shook my frame almost to dissolution. And yet there was one, I think, among them, who would have smoothed my pillow, and would, if in her power, have administered the cup of health to me with joy. If in her power!! Heaven! she! and she alone! could do it! I am as weak as an infant, the last idea has caused my tears to flow; I thank them, they have somewhat relieved me. It is almost dawn; my lamp is near expiring.—I will lay down a few hours.

"And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company."

Your friend,
HENRY M——.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL MEMORANDA.

(*Continued from page 340.*)

In 1736, Miss Arne, his sister, now Mrs. Cibber, who had captivated every hearer of sensibility by her native sweetness of voice, and power of expression as a singer, first appeared as a tragic actress, in the part of *Zara*, at Drury-Lane; where her brother was engaged as composer; and it is difficult to say, which of the two received the greatest applause; the actress for her truly interesting person, and pathetic voice and manner; or the musician for his natural and pleasing strains; particularly the March, which was encored every night, and remained in great favour throughout the kingdom during many years.

In 1738, Arne established his reputation as a lyric and dramatic composer, by the admirable manner in which he set Milton's Comus: in this masque he introduced a light, airy, original, and pleasing, melody, wholly different from that of Purcell, or Handel, whom all English composers had hitherto either pillaged or imitated.

Indeed, the melody of Arne at this time, and of his Vauxhall songs afterwards, forms an æra in English music; it was so easy, natural, and agreeable, to the whole kingdom, that it had an effect upon our national taste; and, till a more modern Italian style was introduced in the pasticcio English operas of Mess. Bickerstaff, &c. it was the standard of all perfection at our theatres and public gardens.

In 1742, Mr. and Mrs. Arne went to Ireland, where they remained till 1744: in the autumn of which year, he was again engaged as composer at Drury-Lane Theatre; and, on the death of Gordon, the first violin, who was successor to Clarke, he accepted of the station in the orchestra of that theatre, of leader of the band: his hand was enfeebled by rheumatism; but his skill surpassed that

of any performer on the violin who had preceded him. Mr. Arne and Mr. Boyce were frequently concurrents at the theatres, and in each other's line, particularly at Drury-Lane. Arne was aspiring, and always regarded Handel as a tyrant and a usurper, against whom he frequently rebelled, but with little effect; except upon his own purse; for he was always a loser when he had oratorios performed in Lent on the same night as Handel. But in his songs for the theatres, and public gardens, he was ever triumphant over all competitors; at Vauxhall particularly, where his ballads, dialogues, duets, and trios, were performed during many years with great applause; and were afterwards circulated all over the kingdom.

In the summer of 1745, when vocal music was first added to instrumental by Mr. Tyers, the proprietor of Vauxhall, Arne's little dialogue of Colin and Phœbe, written by the late Mr. Moore, author of Fables for the Female Sex, was constantly encored every night for more than three months successively.

In 1759, this ingenious composer had the degree of Doctor in Music conferred upon him at Oxford; and, in 1762, quitting his former style of melody, in which he had so well set Comus, and furnished Vauxhall, and the whole kingdom, with such songs as had improved and polished our natural taste; he set the bold translation of Metastasio's opera of *Artaxerxes*; he crowded the airs, particularly in the part of Mandane, for Miss Brent, with all the Italian diversions and difficulties which had ever been heard at the opera. This drama, by the novelty of the music to English ears, with the talents of Tenducci, Peretti, and the doctor's scholar, Miss Brent, had very great success; and still continues to be represented whenever singers can be found who are possessed of sufficient abilities for its performance; but, in setting Artaxerxes, though the melody is less original than that of Comus, Arne had the merit of first adapting many of the best passages of Italy,

which all Europe admired, to our own language; and of incorporating them with his own property, and with what was still in favour of former English composers.

The general melody of our countryman, if analyzed, would perhaps appear to be neither Italian nor English, but an agreeable mixture of Italian, English, and Scotch; many of his ballads, indeed, were professed imitations of the Scotch style; but in his other songs he frequently dropped into it, perhaps without design. Arne never was a close imitator of Handel, and was almost the only English composer of the last century who did not build his fame on the imitation of his works; and who was not proud to hear his admirers say of his compositions,—"*'Tis all Handel;*" on which account, Arne was never thought, by the votaries of their great model, to be a sound contrapuntist; however, he had an inward and secret reverence for his abilities, and for those of Geminiani, as well as for the science of Pepuch; but, except when he attempted oratorios, their's was not the merit requisite for him, a popular composer, who had different performers and different hearers to write for. In the science of harmony, though he was chiefly self-taught, yet, being a man of genius, quick parts, and great penetration, in his art, he betrayed no ignorance, or want of study, in his scores. The oratorios he produced were so unfortunate, that he was always a loser whenever they were performed; and yet it would be unjust to say, that they did not merit a better fate; for though the chorusses were much inferior to Handel's in force, yet the airs were frequently admirable; but, besides the great reputation of Handel, with whom he had to contend, Arne never was able to have his music so well performed, as his competitor had always a more numerous and select band, a better organ, which he played himself, and better singers.

None of this ingenious and pleasing composer's capital productions had full and unequivocal success, but Comus and Artaxerxes, at the distance of twenty-four years from

each other. Rosamond, his first musical drama, had a few songs in it, that were long in favour; and the Judgment of Paris many; but, except when his sister, Miss Arne, sung in them, he never gained any thing by either. Thomas and Sally, indeed, as a farce with very little musical merit, was often acted; and, previous to that, Eliza was a little time in favour; but the number of his unfortunate pieces—The Guardian Outwitted, 1764, and the Rose, 1778, &c. &c. for the stage were prodigious; yet none of them were condemned, or neglected, for want of merit in the music, but words; of which the Doctor was too frequently *guilty* of being the author. Upon the whole, though he formed a new style of his own, there did not appear that fertility of ideas, original grandeur of thought, or those resources upon all occasions, which are discoverable in the works of his predecessor, Purcell, both for the church and the stage; yet in secular music, he must be allowed to have surpassed him in ease, grace, and variety; which is no inconsiderable praise, when it is remembered, that from the death of Purcell to that of Arne, a period of more than fourscore years, no candidate for musical fame among our countrymen had appeared who was equally admired by the nation at large.

Doctor Arne was born May 28th, 1710; his father was the politician, mentioned by Addison in the 155th and 160th numbers of the Tatler, who lost his senses from the cruelty of his creditors, and perished in the Fleet Prison. His son, the subject of this memoir, married, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, Miss Cecilia Young; he died on the 5th of March, 1778, of a spasm on his lungs; retaining his faculties to the last moment of his existence: he had originally been instructed in the principles of the Romish church; these, however, he had for many years wholly neglected, as inconsistent with a life of ease and gallantry, in which he indulged to the full extent of his purse and constitution; but, in his last stage, he was converted, and in renewing the life of a Christian, he forgot not his

profession; for, about an hour before his death, he sung a harmonious Hallelujah:—he was always in narrow circumstances, to which his unbounded attachment to the fair sex in a great deal contributed. His oratorios are—the Sacrifice, or Death of Abel; Judith, and Alfred the Great. His last composition was Caractacus; the songs in As you like it, Mallet's masque of Alfred, which came out in 1740, and in which first was introduced the song of Rule Britannia, was also of the doctor's composition.

SAMUEL ARNOLD, Doctor of Music, received his musical education at the Chapel-Royal, St. James's, partly under Mr. Gates, and partly under his successor, Doctor Nares. He manifested early indications of those talents, by the cultivation and exercise of which he acquired celebrity in the science to which he was devoted; and his application, as well as subsequent attainments, fully justified the expectations which were formed concerning him, both by his parents and preceptors. It is hardly necessary to mention that little lively air, "If 'tis joy to wound a lover," which first excited popular attention, as it was soon succeeded by various compositions of a superior kind, which evinced the genius and taste, and established the professional reputation, of Mr. Arnold.

About the year 1760, Mr. Beard, one of the managers of Covent-Garden Theatre, duly apprized of his extraordinary merits, introduced him to the notice of the public, as composer to that house; and, in the year 1776, he was engaged by Mr. George Colman to conduct the musical department at the theatre in the Haymarket. The chief musical pieces that were produced for many years at this theatre, were composed by Mr. Arnold.

Having in early life enjoyed the benefit of Handel's directions, and superintendance; and having derived from this sublime composer a taste for sacred music, he diverted his attention from those light pieces, in which he had

gained reputation, to the composition of oratorios, and his performances of this kind served to augment the fame he had already acquired. In the year 1767, he made choice of the "Cure of Saul," written by the late Reverend Doctor Brown, for the subject of his first effort in the higher style of musical composition. Such was his success, that this production is generally allowed to be the best in its kind, since the days of Handel. It was generously presented by the author to the society instituted for decayed musicians and their families, and to that society it proved a very valuable acquisition. The approbation of the public encouraged Doctor Arnold to proceed; and the Cure of Saul was soon followed by the oratorios of Abimelech, the Resurrection, and the Prodigal Son, which were performing during several successive Lents, at the Theatre-Royal in the Haymarket, and at Covent-Garden Theatre, under his own management and direction.

About the time of his composing the Resurrection, he published, in score, four sets of Vauxhall songs; most of which are singularly sweet in their melodies, and display in their accompaniments a thorough acquaintance with the characters and powers of the different instruments. "Of all his oratorios," (says an anonymous writer,) "the Prodigal Son reflects the greatest honour on his talents and judgement." So high, indeed, was the fame of this sacred drama, that, in 1773, it was performed, with his permission, at the installation of the late Lord North, as chancellor of the university of Oxford. In consequence of his ready compliance with the request made to him for this purpose, he was offered an honorary degree in the theatre, but he preferred obtaining it in the academical mode, and, agreeable to the statutes of the university, he received it in the school-room, where he performed, as an exercise, Hughes' poem on the Power of Music. On this occasion it is customary for the musical professor of the university to examine the exercise of the candidate; but Doctor Hayes, then professor of Oxford,

returned Mr. Arnold's score unopened, saying to him, "Sir, it is quite unnecessary to scrutinize the author—the exercise of the author of the Prodigal Son."

In 1771, Mr. Arnold married Miss Napier, daughter of Archibald Napier, M.D. from whom he received a good fortune; and, about the same year, he purchased Marybone Gardens, which were then a much frequented scene of gaiety and fashion. Here he provided for the entertainment of the public several excellent burlettas, which were very favourably received.

On the death of Doctor Nares, in 1782, Doctor Arnold was appointed his successor, as organist and composer to his majesty's chapel, at St. James's, and at the grand performance of the commemoration of Handel, in Westminster Abbey; the first of which took place in 1784; he was one of the sub-directors, and presented with a medal, which his majesty permitted the sub-directors always to wear, as a testimony of his approbation of their conduct on that occasion.

In 1786, Doctor Arnold projected the plan of publishing a uniform edition of all the works of Handel, and he proceeded as far as the 118th number, enriching his edition with beautiful engravings. He also published, about the same time, four volumes of Cathedral Music, intended as a continuation of Doctor Boyce's well-known work; three of the volumes are in score for the voices, and one for the organ.

In 1789, the academy of ancient music chose Doctor Arnold for the director and manager of this institution; and he conducted it with honour to himself and with satisfaction to the academicians and subscribers.

In 1796, he succeeded Doctor Hayes, as conductor of the annual performances at St. Paul's, for the feast of the sons of the clergy, and in this situation he uniformly maintained his distinguished character as a musical professor.

In hopes of furnishing the public with additional entertainment, he joined with some others in improving and

enlarging the Lyceum Theatre; the series of entertainment originally intended were concerts; but it is said that the doctor wished to revive burlettas, and this being deemed a formidable opposition by the other theatrical managers, their united interests prevented him from obtaining leave to open it, notwithstanding a considerable sum was expended for that purpose.

Doctor Arnold closed his life after a gradual decay in the 63d year of his age, on the 22d of October, 1802, and his remains were interred, with every mark of respect, in Westminster Abbey, between the monuments of Croft and Purcell. He had five children, of whom two daughters and one son survived him. His son, Samuel Arnold, is the author of several musical dramas, which have been well received, and of a novel, entitled the *Creole*. He is now following the profession of portrait painting; and is a proprietor of the English opera, of which he was the projector, (soon after the fire at Drury-Lane Theatre,) at the Lyceum Theatre, in which a similar idea of his father failed, as before mentioned.

Of the abilities of Doctor Arnold as a musical composer, it is needless to add any thing by way of eulogium, the public approbation has anticipated the tribute of applause which the biographer might be disposed to pay to his memory. His oratorios are not unworthy of the disciple of so great a master as Handel; and such was the versatility of his talents, that he not only acquitted himself with high credit in these solemn and august subjects which relate to our religious duties; but in those tender, playful, and humorous, compositions which belong to the best of our public amusements. The Maid of the Mill, the Agreeable Suprise, Inkle and Yarico, the Surrender of Calais, the Shipwreck, Peeping Tom, the Spanish Barber, Battle of Hexham, and the Mountaineers, will continue to delight as long as sense of harmony subsists. Arnold's Shunamite woman, one of his latest productions, possesses the genius of his earlier compositions, with

that additional science which he had derived from study and experience.

It may be further mentioned, to the honour of Doctor Arnold's character and memory, that the exercise of his professional talents was not confined either to the amusement of the public, or to his own private emolument; many charitable institutions have derived great benefit from his voluntary and gratuitous assistance. Besides his professional excellencies, and the general benevolence of his disposition, Doctor Arnold possessed many qualities which entitled him to the esteem of those who knew him; "His genius and science," says a writer who seems to have known him well, and to have justly appreciated his merit, "procured him a numerous circle of friends; and his sociable and amiable disposition constantly preserved them; his heart was framed to feel for the distress of others, and his friendship was zealous and sincere.

(To be continued.)

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE, AN IDYLL.

(Translated from GESSNER.)

As Daphnis came out of his cottage early in the morning, he found Chloe, his little sister, occupied in making garlands of flowers; dew sparkled on all, and her tears mixed with the dew.

DAPHNIS.

Dear Chloe, for whom are these garlands intended, and why dost thou weep?

CHLOE.

Dost thou not weep, my brother, thyself? And, oh!

have we not cause to weep; didst thou not see how mournful our mother was when she passed by, how she squeezed our hands, and sobbed, concealing her tearful eyes?

DAPHNIS.

I saw it. Ah! our good father, I fear, is worse than he was yesterday.

CHLOE.

Ah! brother, brother! if he should die! How he loves us, how he kisses us, when we do what pleases him and the gods.

DAPHNIS.

Oh! dear sister, how melancholy every thing appears! in vain does my little sheep caress me; alas! I almost forget to give him his food; in vain does my dove perch on my shoulders, pecking my lips; nothing, nothing, gives me pleasure. Oh, our dear father! if he should die, I should die too.

CHLOE.

Oh, our poor father! Dost thou recollect, it is now five days since he took us on his lap, and wept.

DAPHNIS.

Yes; how abruptly he put me down, how pale he turned; "Dearest children, I cannot hold you any longer, I am ill, very ill;" he staggered to the bed, and has been ill ever since.

CHLOE.

And grows worse and worse. I'll tell thee what I intend to do: early this morning did I leave our cottage to gather fresh flowers; when I have finished these garlands, I shall go to the statue of Pan;—for our father and mother always have said, that the gods are good, and pleased to hear pious prayers; I shall go, and ornament his statue with these garlands; and look here in the cage, what is dearest to me, this little bird, will I sacrifice to him.

DAPHNIS.

Oh, dearest sister! I will attend thee; stop only a few moments; I'll fill my baskets with the choicest fruits, and sacrifice my favourite pigeon to him.

[He flew to the cottage, and soon returned; when both went to the statue of Pan, which stood on a hill, shaded by pines; they now knelt down before him, and prayed to the god.]

DAPHNIS.

Pan, benevolent protector of our fields, hear, oh hear, our prayers! We are the children of the sick Menalcas; hear, oh hear our prayers!

CHLOE.

Beneficent Pan, hear, oh hear, our prayers; accept our small sacrifice, as children can offer it. I lay these garlands down before thee; could I reach so high, I would wind them round thy temples and shoulders. Save, kind Pan, oh save our father, and restore him to his poor children.

DAPHNIS.

I have brought these fruits, the sweetest which I have; accept, oh! accept them kindly. I should have sacrificed my best goat to thee, were she not stronger than me; but when I am grown taller, I will sacrifice two to thee every year, for having restored to us our father.

CHLOE.

Kind Pan, I will sacrifice this little bird to thee; it is the dearest gift I can offer; look, it perches on my hand to be fed; but I sacrifice it thee, beneficent Pan.

The children were about to sacrifice, with trembling hands, their little favourites, but a melodious voice called to them—"The gods are pleased to grant the prayers of innocence; children, do not kill your darlings, your father is well again." The whole family were enraptured at the piety of the children; and Menalcas lived to see many, many years of happiness.

THE GOSSIPER.

NO. XIII.

"WHEN will the English begin to acquire more correct ideas of the duties of the sex, and the purposes for which it was designed." MEINERS.

SIR,

As there are gossipers of both sexes, and an old man has as good a right to be rated under that class as well as the most loquacious female in the parish; I beg permission of you to insert a few observations that have occurred to me on the present method of disposing of young women; that is to say, of fitting them for the world. Of the higher classes of society, I shall take no note; they are above me: let them practise chemistry, if they like, it will do them little hurt; botany also is a harmless study; let painting occupy their leisure hours; let the pallet, the maul-stick, and easel, ornament one apartment; the forte piano, the harp, or the guitar, be seen in another; these are at least serviceable, because they are the means of supporting distressed genius by rich folly; but, sir, I particularly wish to notice those in a more obscure, though perhaps in a more useful sphere of life,—the daughters of respectable tradesmen, or persons of small fortunes, whose only hope, under the present system, is to fish for a good husband: this the young lady is taught, if not in a disguised, at any rate a sophisticated line of conduct, which is not likely to produce that noble ingenuousness which stamps the greatest value on the human mind. If papa can spare the money, she snatches at a few lessons of Drawing and Music, to

be like her superiors; with these she endeavours to form her net; alas! she had much better be apprenticed to a wire-worker, and learn to make a cage.

Metaphorically, or literally, this will apply; for I could wish to see my young friends so employed, that, should they not meet with an agreeable partner in a matrimonial connexion, they might be enabled to support themselves independent of sour and distant relations, or supercilious patronesses.

That the form of woman precludes her from laborious employment, I am ready to admit; but surely there are many and valuable pursuits, completely within the achievement of female excellence; music, for example, has certainly been useful; but it can only be so when made a real study, not a mere rattling over the keys to entertain a parcel of stupid visitors. Bound, as we all are, in the trammels of custom, the parent starts at the idea of giving his daughter a chirurgical education; but, sir, really and morally speaking, where can be the real objection? Will my fair readers be willing to accede the power of intellect to their male cotemporaries? And if they will not, where is the incompatibility? Say, Are not delicacy and charity the first attributes of the brightest part of the creation? Why then may not these properties be cherished, nay preserved, by a communication with their own sex? Rouse then, ye parents, who have not wherewithal to provide for the child you have tenderly educated; but who may probably be cast upon a hard world when it shall please Providence to deprive her of her natural protector; rouse, my countrywomen, raise yourselves superior to prejudice; encourage, patronize *female* endeavours in all branches attainable to female powers; use no shops where the man-milliner, the disgrace of our sex, and the contempt of your own, puts his lilly hand under a black lace, by way of exhibiting the contrast; prefer the female to the male *accoucheur;* so shall you preserve vice from its pay, and our public streets from the

most heart-rending pictures of human deformity that can agonize the susceptible bosom.

I wish it to be clearly understood, that the domestic duties cannot be too strongly cultivated; but I am rather providing for those whose hard fate obliges them to earn a pittance for subsistence;—I do not wish to see fewer wives; but I wish to prevent the fair sex from throwing themselves on man for dependence; and thus to avoid the innumerable unhappy matrimonial engagements that are entered into by an excess of passion, unwarranted by judgement, on the one side, and a phlegmatic bargain of person for preferment, on the other.

The study of Surgery can be no bar to domestic felicity, nor can wire-working hurt the hand more than striking the strings of the harp. I will not here attempt to enumerate all those occupations which female capacity can attain; but rather, as the shorter way, challenge the world to show me of what they are incapable. Loving the sex as I do, and convinced that my theory would contribute to exalt them in the eyes of our sex, I would suggest to some distinguished females the establishment of a seminary, on a very different plan from the one now practised.

Girls might be employed as their different inclinations led them, in different and *single* branches of the arts and sciences; they should not be *dabblers* in all; but proficients in that one that their genius most led them to. Thus then shall the independence of the female mind be preserved; thus then shall we, viewing them superior in acquirements, learn to appreciate what at present we rather contemplate with fascination; as we admire the prismatic colours of the rainbow, whilst the dews which have occasioned it, and by which we vitally subsist, are scarcely an object of our concern.

ABRAHAM STOCK.

**** The Gossiper heartily concurs with the wishes of Abraham Stock, and hopes that his plan, breaking through

every difficulty, will yet be generally realized. A lady, under the tuition of Doctor Batty, has already gained celebrity, practice, and protection, as a female *accoucheur*: may this induce others to pursue so profitable a course. Abraham Stock has our sincere thanks for the attempt at the amelioration of the female state: we shall feel ourselves particularly obliged by any future strictures of his, or of any other person, on this subject.

C.

OLIO.

No. IV.

"A thing of shreds and patches."

THE convivial Henry Higdon wrote, in 1693, a piece, called the Wary Widow; in which he introduced so many drinking scenes, that the performers became intoxicated before the end of the third act; and, being unable to proceed with the representation, were obliged to dismiss the audience. Of the behaviour of the *Bear Garden critics*, as the author calls them, on this occasion, he strongly complains in his preface.

CHARLES II. becoming so fatigued with the dullness of a play which was acted before him, as to be unable, after several efforts to leave the place, to sit it out, a wag made the following *extempore*:—

At Christ Church Marriage, done before the king,
Lest that the mates should want an offering,
The king did offer—What, I pray?
He offered twice, or thrice,——to go away.

A PERSON, some years ago, wrote a work on Swimming; and concludes one of his chapters with the following caution:—"But by no means venture into the water before you have thoroughly learnt to swim, as the consequences may be of the most fatal nature."

HENRY JOHNSON, a dramatist, who lived in 1760, was of so very eccentric a disposition, that the wife of his friend, being very nervous, requested that her husband would retract his invitation to Johnson as an inmate in their house, as he very much alarmed her: her purpose was at length delicately hinted to the erratic, who replied, with great *nonchalance*, "he was most perfectly acquainted with the gentleman's regard for him, and should ever retain the most grateful sense of the civilities he had received from him; that he also maintained the highest respect for his lady, and thought it his duty, by every means in his power, to contribute to the restoration of her peace of mind; which it appeared that he had been the innocent cause of disturbing; that he therefore might give her the strongest assurance from him, together with his compliments, that he never would again trouble her house whilst living; but, as a testimonial of his sincere esteem, she might depend on it, that, after his death, he should consider her as the very first person to whom, on a visit back to this world, he should think himself under an obligation to pay his respects." This message being delivered to the lady, who, we have before observed, was of an hypochondriac complexion, threw her into still greater apprehension than before; and, fearing he would be as good as his word, entreated the gentleman to go back to Mr. Johnson, and beg, from her, that he would continue where he was, or at least favour them with his company as often as possible; for that, with all his wildness, she had much rather see him alive than dead.

A CLERK in a public office, whose chief employment it was for many years to administer oaths, became light headed of a fever; in which he spent the last week of his life in crying, day and night,—"So help you God;—kiss the book; give me a shilling."

AN abbé, universally esteemed for his piety, and especially for the meekness of his manners, had yet undesignedly given some offence to a shabby fellow in his parish: the man, concluding he might do as he pleased with so forgiving and gentle a character, struck him on one cheek, and bade him turn the other also; the good man did so; and when he had received the two slaps, which he thought himself obliged to submit to, turned again, and beat the fellow soundly.

As Garrick and the elder Colman were one day dining together at the house of the former, Garrick fancied his friend did not eat so heartily as he had seen him, and continued pressing him to take more; which Colman declared he could not. "Can't you, indeed?" said our Roscius; "No; I'd rather not," said Colman. "Don't you think you could," said Garrick, "if you were shut up in a dark closet alone by yourself?"

A CIVIC ANECDOTE.

A CERTAIN alderman of Norwich, whose mistakes there afford as much mirth as do those of a certain alderman in London, being one of the deputation fixed on to present the bill for paving the city; a great personage accosted him with his usual urbanity, and said,—"Alderman, your city of Norwich is a very ancient one." "Please your majesty," exclaimed the representative, "*it was so once! ! !*"

ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED FEMALES.

NO. VIII.

PRINCESS SOPHIA HEDIWISCHEA

Was the youngest of twelve children of Frederic Elector Palentine, titular king of Bohemia, and Elizabeth, the only sister of Charles I. was born at the Hague, October 13th, 1630: she became the consort of Ernest Ausgustus, duke of Hanover, September 30th, 1658: few princesses were more fortunate, she saw her husband raised to the electoral dignity, and herself, (by an act of settlement,) in 1701, to one of the most resplendent crowns in the world; she was then a widow, the elector having died, January 23d, 1698. Sophia had been in the habits of corresponding with James II. whose misfortunes she deplored, and even expressed her concern to William, whom she personally knew, and whose character she admired. Though attached to England by unfeigned partiality, yet she had the greatness of mind to desire he would pass by her, in favour of the family of Stuart. Queen Anne entertained some jealousy of Sophia, as her heir-apparent; besides, she re-called her son, George, from England, when on the point of uniting himself to her, that he might receive the hand of his first cousin, Sophia Dorothea, of Zell. Ann, the *queen*, could not entirely forgive the injuries of Ann, the *princess*; and, regretting the fate of an unfortunate brother, would not have been displeased, if the parliament had reseinded the act which conveyed the sceptre from the Stuarts to a family to which she felt no regard. Sophia, urged by the friends of the protestant succession, demanded the admission of the house of Brunswick to her court; which Ann peremptorily refused. The agitation of her mind is supposed to have hastened her

death, as she expired suddenly, when walking in the gardens of Haurenhausen, June 8th, 1714, in her eighty-fourth year. Queen Ann outlived her only fifty-three days. Sophia's long life was without a single stain; she had as many virtues, and confessedly more accomplishments than any of the princesses, her cotemporaries. She spoke four languages with fluency;—Low Dutch, German, French, and Italian, and was a proficient in Latin besides. She was as great a worker with her needle as Mary II. these pursuits did not injure her health, for she constantly used the exercise of walking. Age had not marked her with furrows, nor deprived her of her teeth. Every way she was an extraordinary character.

SARAH JENNINGS, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH,

Was the daughter and co-heiress of Richard Jennings, Esq. of Sandridge, in Hertfordshire, married John Churchill, the great duke of Marlborough. This lady was a beauty in the court of Charles II. and of some political consequence in the reign of James II. through the intrigues of the sovereign with the sister of her husband; but was in disgrace in that of William and Mary, who resented the attachment and preference shewn her by the Princess Ann. After the accession of the queen, she became the principal adviser of every political transaction; and her influence continued till she was supplanted by her relation, Mrs. afterwards Lady Masham. When she had lost the favour of her royal mistress, who had given the management of the whole kingdom, and almost that of the continent into her hands, and those of the hero, her husband; there were no terms too bitter for the utterance of her disappointment. Instead of humble acknowledgements of gratitude, her royal mistress received the appellation of "good sort of woman," but incapable of governing her kingdom; and she even sold the miniature the queen had given her, to

Lord Oxford, for one hundred pounds, after taking the diamonds from it, which had encircled her majesty's portrait. The duchess died in 1744, aged eighty-four, praised, flattered, and courted, by those who aimed at obtaining a part of her prodigious fortune. That she was beautiful in her youth can no more be doubted, than that she possessed great abilities; but it cannot be denied that she was, as to her general character, an object rather of admiration than imitation. Her grace, (whether aware that her rupture with her patroness and friend, for such indeed had the queen been to her, had occasioned people at large to entertain an unfavourable opinion of her conduct, or thinking that she ran no danger from a posthumous attack upon Ann, now that the triumph of toryism was over,) was induced, in 1742, to submit to the public her vindication in form, in an Apology for the conduct of the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, from her first coming to court to the year 1710, in a letter from herself to my Lord C. Cholmondley, 8vo. London: the book was eagerly read, but did not seem to make much alteration in the general opinion respecting this affair; and her grace was left to such other consolations as might have compensated for a much greater disappointment—the highest rank, almost countless riches, health, and a long life.

ELIZABETH CHURCHILL, COUNTESS OF BRIDGEWATER,

Was the third of the four daughters and co-heiresses of John Churchill, duke of Marlborough, who were all ladies of exquisite beauty; but Lady Elizabeth was generally supposed to eclipse her sisters; she married Scroop Egerton, earl (created after her death duke) of Bridgewater. "Her face, had she had no extraordinary animation, would have been conspicuous," says Grainger, "for its symmetry and complexion; but, heightened by modesty, sensibility, and sweetness, it became in the highest degree attractive."

Pope dared to admire; and, admiring, first depicted her face, and then her mind.

"Hence Beauty waking, all her form supplies,
An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes."

This beautiful and accomplished lady met an early fate, and was summoned to eternity in her twenty-sixth year, March 22d, 1713-14, leaving John Viscount Brockly, who died at Eton school, and another son, who also died young, and an only daughter, Lady Anne, who married Wrotherly, duke of Bedford, and afterwards William, earl of Jersey. The death of the countess of Bridgewater was probably as sensibly felt by Pope, as that of Sacharissa would have been by Waller: the mourning muse poured out her lamentations over her hallowed remains in the following elegant and pathetic lines; which, observes an eminent critic, would make the most beautiful epitaph in the world;—

"Muse, at that name thy sacred sorrows shed
Those tears eternal that embalm the dead.
Call round her tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire;
Bid her be all that cheers or softens life—
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife;
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore,
Then view this marble, and be vain no more!"

Pope threw into the fire all the drawings he had made of the countess. We might as well destroy the engravings we have that represent her.

SPECIMENS of an ENGRAVING MANUFACTORY.

"It is no unusual thing," said the late Cromick, the engraver, "to illustrate the *Holy Scriptures* by plates originally engraved for the *History of England*; and I have actually seen subjects designed by our celebrated artist,

Stothard, from *Clarissa Harlowe*, and the *Novelist's Magazine*, converted with incredible dexterity, by these bookselling *Breslaws*, into *scriptural embellishments*. One of these venders of family bibles lately called on me, to consult me professionally about a folio engraving he brought with him: it represented Monsieur Buffon seated, contemplating various groups of animals that surrounded him. He merely wished, he said, to be informed whether by *uncloathing* the naturalist, and giving him a rather more *resolute* look, the plate could not, at a trifling expence, be made to pass for

DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN!"

Copy of an Original Letter from David Garrick, Esq. to the Secretary of the Customs.

DEAR SIR,

NOT Rachel weeping for her children could show more sorrow than Mrs. G.;—not weeping for her children, for she has none; nor indeed weeping for her husband; thanks be to the humour of the times, she can be as philosophical on that subject as her betters. What does she weep for then? Shall I dare tell you? it is—it is for the loss of a chintz bed and curtains; the tale is short, and is as follows:—

I have taken some pains to oblige the gentlemen of Calcutta by sending them plays, scenes, and other services in my way; in return, they have sent me Madeira, and poor Rachel the unfortunate chintz; she has had it four years, and upon making some little alteration in our little place at Hampton,—she intended to show away with her prohibited present: she had prepared paper, chairs, &c. for this favourite token of Indian gratitude; but! alas, all human felicity is frail; no care having been taken on my wife's part, and some treachery being exerted against her, it was seized, the very bed,

" By the coarse hands of dungeon villains, and thrown
" Among the common lumber."———

If you have the least pity for a distressed female; any regard for her husband (for he has a sad time of it), or any wish the environs of Bushy Park be made tolerably neat and clean, you may just put your finger and thumb to the business, and take the thorn out of Rachel's side.

I am, dear sir, &c.

D. GARRICK.

JUDGE PAGE'S REMARKABLE CHARGE.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY,

You have heard the evidence against this *here* fellow, and all that; he not only robbed the gentleman who was so *good* as to prosecute him, of his effects and money; but, as far as I can learn, has always been a vagabond, a stroller I think, a *feller* that went about with *your* tricks and fancies; now I never liked your tricks and fancies. I will tell you a *pleasant* story:—Some years ago, when I was at Exeter, there was a *feller*, an ill-looking dog, something like the prisoner at the bar, that went about with a bear and a fiddle; a troublesome rascal, there was no *living* for his tricks and fancies; *so this was very well.* I was not a judge then; but went only on private business; however, some time after I went that circuit; you may be sure I enquired after my old friend, but some how or other, the bear was dead, or the fiddle was broke; but, how do you think I served the fellow?—*I hanged him.*

SINGULAR ADVERTISEMENT.

The following is copied verbatim from Gregory's Leicester Journal, for January, 1784.

For the good of the public, this notice is given,

THAT *occulation* was brought into Peckleton by Joseph Barsby, senior, who lives at the sign of the Leopard there, where a full quart of ale may be had for sixpence, and small pox in at the bargain, without further expence.

Also —— Barsby, junior, of the same place, likewise *occulates*, free, for the good of the neighbouring parishes.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

THE FARM-HOUSE, *a Tale, with Amatory, Pastoral, Elegiac, and Miscellaneous Poems, Sonnets, &c.* by JAMES MURRAY LACY, 12mo. bds. Published for the author, by *G. Cowie and Co.* late *Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe*, 31, Poultry.

Be mine, if poesy can e'er be mine,
A softer theme than war or glory gives,
A wreath of simple blossoms let me twine,
But never falsely praise one soul that lives.

BY those who have seen this gentleman's compositions in our Appollonian Wreath, we trust our notice of this volume will be received with pleasure. The Farm-House, from the way in which it is mentioned in the preface, may be supposed to form a principal part of the work; this is not the case; and, we confess, we were more pleased with some of the sonnets, most of which are very beautiful, and we should recommend these effusions more strongly than we do, did not delicacy prevent us. As it is published by those gentlemen who give our Museum to the world, we refrain saying more in its praise, lest our judgement should be questioned, or our disinterestedness suspected. We quote the following as a fair specimen:—

TO LOVE.

Oh! soft destroyer of the bosom's peace!
Cherish'd intruder, hear a poet's pray'r,
Who hopes, yet dreads thy pleasing pains should cease;
Who finds a bliss in love, and finds a care.
Say, gentle power, say, soul-subduing love!
Why is the mind that owns thy sovereign sway
Doom'd ever varying hope and fear to prove;
Alternately of joy and grief the prey.
Thy humble suppliant, save when Jane is near,
Sinks in desponding sorrow's heavy gloom;
Dreading some rival, to his love more dear,
Should gain her heart, and fix his wayward doom.
Oh! then inspire my Jane's fair breast like mine
With thy soft power, and peace shall round us shine.

STRICTURES ON THE DRAMA.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

OUR Index, Preface, and other local matter, took up so large a portion of our last number that we were constrained to pass over the *Drama.*

On the 26th of May, was produced at this theatre, for the benefit of Miss F. M. Kelly, a farce, from Kotzebue, called *How to Die for Love.* The story is this:—a young lady, Miss Altorf, *(Miss Kelly,)* equally attached to two gentlemen, Captain Bloomenfield and Captain Thalwick, *(Mess. De Camp and Wrench,)* assures her father, Baron Altorf, *(Mr. Carr,)* that she will only marry him whose wit is so far superior as to force the other, by stratagem, to cross the boundaries of her father's estate; many schemes for this purpose are resorted to by the rivals, with the assistance of bribing each other's servants, Trap and Trick, *(Mess. Knight and Oxbury,)* till at length, in a provoked duel, Baron Thalwick affects to be killed, and his adversary, flying to save his life, of course crosses the boundaries; Captain Thalwick revives, and claims the hand of the heroine, Miss Altorf. This, from the excellent acting of the performers, with more bye play than we have scarcely ever seen, excited much laughter; and we have no doubt that *How to Die for Love* will in London be a stock piece.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

We have here to deplore the loss which our theatres have sustained in *Mrs. Siddons's* departure from the stage; —Melpomene hangs her head, the great sun of the histrionic art is set, and we may exclaim,—"We ne'er shall see her like again;" but we are obliged to defer any further account of this great tragedian, till a future number.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THIS summer theatre opened on Friday, the 15th May, and the performers, with the exception of two or three, are indeed below criticism: where the manager can have got them, we know not; we shall therefore pass them over, in favour of a new farce, called *The Sleep Walker, or Which is the Lady?* produced at this theatre, Monday, June 15th; it is the production of Mr. Wally Chamberlain Oulton, the author of several dramatic sketches and literary compilations: the plot, if a plot it may be called, turns upon the elopement of a young lady, in male attire, with her lover; the latter of whom, mistaken for her niece by an aunt, who has not seen her since her infancy, causes much *equivoque* and merriment, as the old lady, mistaking the gentleman's sex, offers him half a bed, &c. *Jones* and *Mrs. Grove*, &c. did all they could for their characters; but *Matthews* is the strength of the piece; he represents the *Sleep Walker*, and, by his mistakes and theatrical speeches, kept the house in a roar; and *Which is the Lady?* continues a favourite of the town.

It has of late been the fashion to produce at this theatre pieces whose merit shall entirely depend on the exertions of one performer, and this farce might with greater propriety be called *Mr. Matthews;* for it is to his acting alone it owes its celebrity. How far this may be agreeable to the rest of the *dramatis personæ*, we know not: it is true he drew from us peals of laughter; but we presume it can never be performed without his aid, at least with any degree of *eclat.*

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

AN opinion very erroneously prevailed at the close of the last season, that this fascinating resort of public amusement would not be again opened for the gratification of its admirers; it is, therefore, with peculiar pleasure we in-

form those who have been in the habit of witnessing its alterations, that, so far from the proprietors having any idea of the kind, it was then in their contemplation to render it still more worthy of general patronage. These gardens, of late years, have been resplendent in the extreme; but it is impossible to give an adequate description of the improvement they have undergone, and the excessive brilliancy they exhibit, without occupying a greater space than our publication will allow. It is, however, but justice to remark, that the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens, in order to contribute to the comfort and delight of their numerous visitors, have been most liberal in their expenditure.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION FOR JULY, 1812.

The Dresses invented by Mrs. Osgood, of Lower Brooke Street.

Morning, or Exhibition, Dress. — At this time of the year, so numerous are the exhibitions of art thrown open to the public, that we have deemed it expedient to give a dress that will also suit the parade as well as the picture gallery, equally cool for both purposes; it is composed of a white satin spencer, with a *Polonoise* front, over a gown of white muslin, and called by our dress-maker, the regency wrap, Vandyke trimming down the front, edged with Valenciennes lace, with two tucks at the bottom of the dress: white satin hat and feather, tipt with pink; pink gloves; and jean *demi-bottes.*

Evening Dress—Of gossamer net, of amber silk, with Chinese trimming down the front, and round the bosom, vest, and arms, fastened with mock pearls, and worn over a white satin body; white French gloves and shoes. The hair ornamented with roses, or dull gold.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

EXHIBITION OR MORNING DRESS.

Published for the Proprietors, JULY 1.

EVENING DRESS.

1812, By Mes.rs Vernor, Hood & Sharpe.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
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THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

A MAN of very good sense, but totally unacquainted with Literature, once said before Boileau, that he had rather be able to make a Wig than write a Poem; adding,—"What is the use of Poetry, and what end does it answer?" "This very circumstance," replied Boileau, "raises my admiration of Poetry; that, having nothing useful in it, nevertheless it should be the delight of all men of talents and reputation."

LINES

WRITTEN DURING INDISPOSITION.

FAREWELL, ye tuneful groves, ye fairy glades,
Where erst I've linger'd many a fleeting hour;
Ye long shall wave your sweetly tranquil shades,
And on the scented gale your fragrance pour,
When this pale, faded form has sunk to rise no more.

Ah! yes; for you, revolving suns shall bring
The summer's splendor, and autumnal bloom;
For you, the exhilarating sweets of spring
Will shed their soft, mellifluous perfume;
When low my aching head is pillow'd in the tomb.

Yon lucid stream shall wind its silvery way;
Yon golden orb in orient lustre rise;
Yon flow'ry plains, beneath his genial ray,
Shall breathe their fragrant incense to the skies;
When still'd this flutt'ring pulse, and clos'd these languid eyes.

Dear, long-lov'd scenes, ye taught my infant heart
The exalted pleasures nature can bestow;
Ye early bade the trembling tear to start,
Ere yet experience caus'd the source of woe;
Those tears I lov'd to shed, nor check'd their ready flow.

How oft, afar from folly's scenes retir'd,
My weary soul hath own'd your magic pow'r;
Ye sooth'd its secret sorrows, and inspir'd
The airy visions of the museful hour;
Visions that bloom and fade, fleet as the passing flow'r.

Yes! my fond fancy, it had sweetly wove
Full many a beauteous scene of earthly bliss;
Had dream'd of friendship, gratitude, and love;
The gentle pleasures of a life of peace;
The sunshine of the mind; the joys that cannot cease.

It must not be;—ev'n now the fever's fire,
Relentless, speeds th' inevitable close;
Drops from my trembling hand the pensive lyre,
And soon its sighings sink to deep repose;
Ne'er more to wake to bliss, nor soothe my yonthful woes.

Then hail, thou ruthless despot! tho' severe
May seem thy dread decree in life's fair morn;
Yet wherefore would I wish to linger here,
Where disappointment plants the early thorn,
And fancy smiles in vain, when reason bids us mourn.

And lo! from yon clear height I see descend,
Attir'd in radiance, a seraph form;
It points to realms where every grief shall end;
Where, nor the wintry blast, nor howling storm,
Shall e'er th' eternal spring of happiness deform.

Still I would fain the parting lay prolong;
Would fain my heart's full gratitude reveal
To thee, thou pensive bard! whose melting song
Could oft from suffering many a moment steal,
And pour the balm of peace on wounds it only could not heal.

May, 1812. AGNES.

THE PLEASURES OF RETIREMENT.

BY MR. J. M. LACY.

Sweet is the soft and silent hour
That steals with every soothing pow'r
  Across the throbbing breast;
Where heavy hours of mental toil
Have long suppress'd the pleasing smile
  That speaks a heart at rest.

"And such an hour is this" to me;
From worldly bustle once more free,
  And ev'ry noisy care;
I woo again the muse's aid;
Oh! let me now, too timid maid,
  Thy kindest influence share!

My mind at peace, that heav'n of rest;
My head reclin'd on beauty's breast,
  Fair Emma's breast so bright;
My heart awake to friendship's joys;
Oh! world, I envy not thy noise;
  But taste of true delight.

Love is the poet's purest theme;
For love, with sweet beguiling dream,
  Can smooth rough anger's brow;
But friendship's bright, unsullied name,
As much the poet's aid must claim,
  As love's divinest vow.

Be their blest names in union found,
Long as the world performs its round,
  Amidst the orbs of light.
Love! be thy pow'r to lighten care;
Friendship! be thine to soothe despair,
  And brighten woe's dark night.

Oh! best united friends of life!
When from the world's unvaried strife
'Tis in my pow'r to flee,
May all your sweetly soothing pow'rs,
That brighter make man's brightest hours,
Be then bestow'd on me.

SONNET TO HOPE.

O! HOPE, thy fairy visions bright,
Hov'ring o'er mortals' troubled hour,
In all thy radiance shown to sight,
Cheer the sad wretch whose fortunes low'r:
Thy lovely form, like orient light,
Dispels the clouds of dark despair;
And, where all seem'd but dismal night,
Thy presence clears the ambient air.
On me thy potent spell, O goddess, spread;
Give me thy healing pow'r to know;
Let thy best odours o'er my mind be shed,
Nor suffer me to sink in woe.
May thy fair prospects ere afford relief;
Thy sweet responses soften all my grief.

June 2d, 1812. R. G.

The DESERTED SAPPHO to the FAITHLESS PHAON.

How can my pen, in falt'ring strain,
Describe the anguish of my heart,
Rack'd on the wheel of cold disdain,
And doom'd from thee and peace to part:
Those happy hours, alas! are fled,
So oft made sweet by love and thee;
For ever past,—e'en hope is dead,
Nor longer spreads her charms for me.

Ah! why did fate those eyes reveal,
So bright their rays—so transient too?
They taught my conscious breast to feel;
And did my melting heart subdue;
For thee I sung—for thee I play'd,
Love's sweetest fire inspir'd the lay,
And music's soothing power essay'd,
To tell thee what I dar'd not say.

And were thy vows, oh! perjur'd youth,
Fraught with such eloquence to please,
Devoid of feeling, honour, truth;
And fleeting on the passing breeze?
Ah! hapless maid, 'tis mine to share
The pangs of disappointed love;
To cherish in that breast despair
Where hope was erst so fond to rove.

Farewell! farewell! a wealthier fair
Basks in thy smiles—thy heart has won;
O! may she never feel despair;
Nor be, like me, despis'd—undone.
O! may she love thee half as true,
And fix thy faithless wand'ring heart;
Then gladly shall I die for you,
And see thee blest ere I depart.

But much I fear the golden prize,
For thee, false youth, alone has charms;
Adds lustre to the maiden's eyes,
And lures thee to forsake my arms.
O! mercenary youth, forbear;
Too late, perhaps, you'll mourn the past;
Can justice sleep?—beware! beware!
"For retribution comes at last!"

June 2d, 1812. T. H. PERFECT.

EPITAPH

ON THE TOMB OF A BEAUTIFUL AND VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

SLEEP soft in dust; wait the Almighty's will;
Then rise, unchang'd, and be an angel still.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE hope again to hear from Oscar, in prose as well as in verse.

It is, indeed, highly gratifying to us to receive such praises as those of a Mistress of a Boarding School, and Lady Mary G—; but hope they will excuse our printing their letters.

We can assure Economicus that we have not the least idea of raising the price of our work.

What is become of our friend, Alphonso?

We feel much obliged to the communicator of the Memoir of Miss Booth, and will introduce such part of it as we have not before inserted, in our next.

We heartily wish that all our correspondents could bear rejection, and take advice, with the same good temper as Cleofas: his last communication shall be inserted.

Correspondents are requested to date their contributions.

We are sorry to reject several poetical tributes to the memory of the late Mr. Perceval; but our poetical department was made up before they came to hand; and the time is now past.

Robert Hussey's communication lies at our publisher's: we beg to inform him that the *Monthly Mirror* is no longer in existence.

The Editor cannot sufficiently thank his prose correspondents for their assistance; and begs to compliment his poetic contributors on the improvement of their talents.

Reuben's lines; J. T. of Pentonville; and N. T. in our next.

F. N. R. G. Olivia, Ellen on the Rose, the Murdered Knight, Odes, &c. are under consideration.

We assure Dr. Perfect, we never *destroy* any communications, even should they not suit our Museum.

We are sorry to reject an Old Correspondent; but when he says—

> "On frosty morn, if 'tis no sin,
> I love to drink a glass of gin;"

"If any of the *ladies* choose gin, I beg they'll call for it!"

CAPT. MACHEATH.

EVERY effort is used to render the LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM *deserving public approbation; considerable improvements have been made, not only in the literary departments, but in the style of the embellishments, and in the letter-press printing, which is now executed with a new and beautiful type, cast on purpose; and will, it is confidently presumed, be approved by the numerous subscribers to this long-established publication.*

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14
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SEP

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Mrs. PILKINGTON.

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